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We suppose that by any contemporary standards the marathon was a rousing success. \$1,079 pledged in 42 hours, (over \$200 called in in the last hour), about a thousand dollars collected on these pledges.

It was an interesting experience in many ways. The chance to be accessible to the listener every hour of the day and night; the chance to meet many of the people who had heard us for some time and had never been by the station;...the ability to test our own ability to go on and on for hours on end...As one listener said: "It's too bad there can't be a Marathon every weekend." As another listener said: "I hear you've made your goal: can I have my money back?"

And yet, there was one thing distressing about the whole Marathon. It was the fact that that 42 hours was as close to commercial radio as KRAB has ever come. Every half hour, religiously; sometimes for as long as five minutes, there was a heavy appeal for funds: every half hour, we explained the purpose of the station, the crying need for funds, the necessity of some money in order to survive. Some pleas, especially in the last hour or so, were so impassioned that they made us want to weep with the self-pity of us. We learned the degrading lesson of advertising: tell people how good, and noble, and pure you are, for long enough...and soon you will come to believe it yourself...

Until the time of the Marathon, we avoided selling ourselves: as we have said so often, KRAB was established to traffic in ideas, not in commerce. We have always limited ourselves to three plugs a day – three quiet explications of the idea that KRAB, and of our need for funds, and the address for the mailing of checks. And, in all that time of moderation, eleven months of quiet appeals, we have only been able to muster slightly over \$4,000 in subscriptions – about one a day. In other words, in 42 hours of standard advertising technique, we obtained almost a quarter of what restraint and hesitancy had brought in over the preceding year.

We find it depressing to think what contemporary techniques of advertising have done to Americans: even in our own listeners, the advertising klaxons have instilled an automatic blab-off: any appeal for money opens the circuits unless it is repeated again, and again, and again. People are dying from an over-profusion of words.

\* Reprinted in Sex and Broadcasting, Dildo Press, 1975, Lorenzo Milam

The Marathon has affected us in many ways: for one thing, we never knew our own power: the dry voice of dissent lost somewhere up there on the end of the dial does have some listeners. We know that now; further, we know the strength of outrageously repeated appeals; finally, we are tempted to change our whole way of raising money: to go along, quietly, on what we have now – saying nothing about money for a month or two or three; then, when the bank is looking worried and our account is looking vacant, to crash into another Marathon; then, once again, drift along again, until the till runs dry. On and on, drifting between poverty and prosperity, between the non-commercial and the commercial. It would, after all, be a perfect symbol of the schizophrenic nature of listener-supported radio.

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Well, that's all we have of this guide.

If you have this guide, or others that you would be willing to scan, or have us scan, please let us know.